

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

A SENSATION, A FAILURE, AND A BAIL MATCH.

COLLISION BETWEEN AMHERST AND COLUMBIA—A BOAT RUINED AND ONE MAN HURT—THE WARD-BIGLIN RACE—WARD'S MISFORTUNE AND BIGLIN'S TRIUMPH.

SPRINGFIELD, July 15.—The first day of the regatta exercises has produced one sensation, one failure, and one small bail match. The sensation was the collision upon the river, at 10 o'clock this morning, between the Amherst University and Columbia boats. The Amherst had pulled down the course and returned to their float, whence they started again for a little pull up stream. Capt. Brewer looked around when they started, and seeing all clear, gave the word to give way. Warm with their previous row, they soon struck into a very high rate of speed, and just as they were off Dartmouth's quarters, an eighth of a mile above the Columbia crew, which had come around a point unseen, ran upon them. As seen from the Amherst float, the boats seemed to veer suddenly toward one another. Brewer's voice rang out, "hold all," and the Columbia Captain in the next second gave the same order, but too late. The Amherst boat struck the Columbia boat quivering on the port bow, and slid along the polished surface until it struck the outrigger, upon which it cut itself in two. Driven by the force of the two boats, one of the two points of the broken port struck Mr. Kapallo, No. 3, just below the shoulder-blade, and traveled around his bare back, inflicting a deep and ugly scratch, and ending just in front of the arm with a bruise. The Amherst keelson was left hanging to the ribs, but the sheathing was stripped from her and rolled back like ribbon. The Columbia boat, for a wonder escaped with scarcely a scratch. The Amherst boat hung there for a while, rapidly filling, and the men were taken from her by a boat which put out from the Dartmouth's float. Mr. Kapallo was taken to his quarters in a hack, and a physician summoned. The other men in the boat were very much alarmed when the ugly spike was seen sticking out under his arm, and even after the usual external damage was ascertained it was feared he was internally injured. The physician, however, saw no reason to expect this, and it is thought that he will row on Thursday. The crew declare that they will row if they have to pull four and six, and Mr. Kapallo will be there if it is a human possibility. He is a son of Judge Rapallo of the New-York court of Appeals, and is very popular among his fellow students. His family arrive to-morrow. Amherst will be the Freshman boat in the race. The howl of the two crews are blamed to some extent for the accident, which will happen again unless more care is taken. In the collision between Cornell and the "Argos" a few days ago no one was hurt, but at Ingleside two years ago Mr. Tucker of Harvard was seriously injured in almost exactly the same manner. A deviation of a few inches to the right might have furnished a much more thrilling paragraph.

The failure was the single scull race between John Biglin and Ellis Ward. It was announced first for half past two o'clock, but the wind being "high," it was deferred until four, and then put off again till six. The interim of waiting, though not interesting to boating men, was decidedly amusing to him who wished to see the first crowd of regatta week. It was the worst looking concourse probably which will be seen during the whole regatta—large numbers of low-browed and ill-dressed sporting men forming a great part of it. A good proportion of college men, however, were sprinkled among them and a surprising number of country folks who have been pouring in, to-day, on all the trains from the surrounding towns. The old three-cent ferry, probably for the first time since last year, was carrying a crowd. The Boss, a six-foot Yankee, was in even more than his usual high state of good nature, and could hardly answer my salutation for grins at the prospect which was flowing in upon him. Booths in numbers were placed along the banks, with strawberry lemonade and ice-cream, and something stronger under the counter, no doubt, in spite of the prohibitory laws. At the Columbia quarters the scene was of the under-graduate stamp. Large numbers of Columbia College men are here, and with them boatmen from the large aquatic village on the Harlem River, a hundred or so of the boys, chatting and laughing, all arrayed in the choicest of tailoring, and wearing on the front of their hats or on their lapels the badge of Columbia, a white ribbon with blue stripes in center and "Columbia" in gilt letters on it—the freshmen arrayed in this swill, visibly.

At the head of the course the people have collected by thousands. The Williams float, a rickety affair, bends under the weight of more than it can hold, until the greater number are standing in the water, and the boys have in self-defense taken it apart and gile the top-boards on the shore. From here, along the banks for half a mile each, spectators are comfortably seated on the low beach under the hill, anxiously awaiting the appearance of the carmen. Ten minutes of 6 and there is Biglin at the helm, in green breeches and handkerchief, the Dartmouth colors. He is in splendid condition, and looks like the picture of health. He is a tall, slender fellow, for the race all the afternoon, but Ward has been holding back. Here comes the latter, however, sitting high out of his light boat, and looking well enough to give the lie to the rumors of his ill condition which have been going on. The water is now quite smooth. Breeze fresh, but blowing with the current, does not stir up much sea. Commodore B. F. Brady of the Hudson River Rowing Association is referee. He calls the men, and ud they come. Back down a little below Ellis back, John. Back he goes till the sharp prow is in a line. Go, and they are off amid a long-extending shout from the great crowd on the shore. Time of starting, 9 minutes before 6. I was in the referee's boat, away we went after that. Ellis dashed off splendidly, taking the lead almost immediately, and gradually increasing it, pulling 32 strokes to the minute, while Biglin pulled 29 strokes.

At the Dartmouth quarters Mr. Ward was a length ahead, and at the end of a mile he had increased his lead to two lengths. At three or four minutes past 6, when the contestants were just about half way between Amherst and Wesleyan quarters pulling steadily, and at about this interval Ellis was seen to the anxious eyes in our boat to waver in his course, slacken visibly, and finally stop almost motionless, with his fine head in his scarlet kerchief sunk upon his brown breast. Single sculls containing such powerful oarsmen as Pearson of Yorkers, Smith of New-York, and others, seemed to start from all directions, and a foul was the first thought; but as we drew near it became evident that it was something much more fatal to the chances of poor Ward. "Sick," "over-taken," were audible comments. "What's the matter?" "Can't that boat come alongside," said Ellis, faintly. "I want to come alongside," said the referee, "yes," and we pulled on board the Athlete, weak as a child. There was no deception about it, no sale of the race; he lay there, with perspiration standing coldly on his forehead, and his dull eye, completely faint; his head ached, and he could not see, was all he could say. Water was taken from the river and I put a wet handkerchief on his brow, and we started for the Amherst quarters.

The upshot of it was that Ward had a cold and his houselessness, which had increased and combined with the excitement and heat had produced a cold with the lungs and faintness. In plain English, he got the cholera, and he died. He revived when taken home, and he will of course be well again, but he will probably be all right in two or three days. Biglin probably won the race in 48 minutes, and was awarded the prize. Details of the records of the regatta will be given in our next issue. Biglin is a son of the late John Biglin, who was a member of the regatta in 1869. He has won, according to the best authorities, nine single scull matches and eight, and in four and six-oared races has won nine times and lost six times. Biglin is from New-York, and most of his races have been rowed

there. He weighs 160 pounds, and is 5 feet 11 inches in height. In aspect, Biglin is a picture of the robust power. He is heavy and bull-necked, large in the chest and abdomen. Ward is from Newburgh, and is the youngest of the famous family to which he belongs. He is 26 years old. He has pulled since 1862, and has been successful, as near as I can ascertain, in ten single scull and three four and six-oared contests, and has been beaten in four matches. He is a man of prepossessing face, though seemed a little small-pox. He is a fine oarsman, but his health is not always to be relied on. The men have contested four races before to-day. I am informed, with a result of two victories for each. They will doubtless row again, for though Biglin is the winner of the stake in this race, it can hardly be called a victory for him. Ward possesses a most graceful and athletic figure, standing five feet eleven, and weighing 150 pounds. He has a magnificent back and chest, and is well developed in the legs. His waist is light, and his reach long, which gives a fine appearance in a boat. He is a most skillful oarsman.

The Freshman base-ball tournament started out with flying colors at a Freshman's Congress which met in this city on the first of June, but turned out a magnificent failure so far as any tournament is concerned. At the affair the congress delegates represented from Amherst, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Harvard and Wesleyan. Seven colleges were present at the congress, and all but Yale declared an intention of sending nines. Brown entered the congress later and fortunately for them and Harvard were the only nines that appeared in this city, and the tournament has dwindled to a series of matches between the first and second teams of the two colleges. The first was played this afternoon on Hampden Park and resulted in a victory for Harvard by a score of 21 to 14. Both nines played very prettily and evenly till the end of the seventh inning. The score then standing 10 to 10, but in the eighth Harvard made nine runs and two in the next, while Brown was whitewashed in the eighth inning, and only made four in the ninth. The Brown men were excellent at the bat and are stronger on the bases. The entire game lasted a little over three hours. The following was the score:

Brown.	Outs.	Runs.	Errors.	Outs.	Runs.
Ward.	2	2	0	3	3
Wood.	2	2	0	3	3
Conant.	2	2	0	3	3
Bradley.	2	2	0	3	3
Tower.	2	2	0	3	3
Miller.	2	2	0	3	3
Allen.	2	2	0	3	3
Total.	14	14	0	21	21

The umpire as to general matters was Mr. William Mason of Harvard.

The Williams crew is again unfortunate, in two sick men. A Yale Freshman is also partially disabled by an abscess. Perrot of Cornell is a little down. The Harvard men have completed great preparations for reporting the race by telegraph, and the people of Springfield are doubling up prices, and generally making things ready for the regatta.

YACHTING.

FOURTH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE MANHATTAN YACHT CLUB—THE NIMBUS, MARY GIBSON, AND COCA THE WINNERS.

A stiff and steady breeze from the south-west rendered yesterday an enjoyable and exciting sport, and the racing fleet of the Manhattan Yacht Club was swept up the Sound in splendid style. It was the fourth annual regatta, and a finer day could not have been selected, from the beginning of the season to its end. A small steamer, chartered for the occasion, left Springfield, N. Y., at about 9 a. m. After numerous landings on the East River side, the Club-house was reached with a well-filled boat, and the yachts, all in readiness, were anchored for the start, the hour fixed for the signal gun being 12 o'clock. The yachts were divided into three classes, and the entries were as follows:

NAME.	LENGTH.	TONNAGE.
Nimbus.	35 ft.	15 tons.
Mary Gibson.	35 ft.	15 tons.
Coca.	35 ft.	15 tons.

THE WILLIAMSBURG YACHT CLUB REGATTA—THE JEANNETTE, SORCERESS, PAWN, AND PIGION THE WINNERS.

The third annual regatta of the Williamsburg Yacht Club came off yesterday. The following boats were entered:

NAME.	LENGTH.	TONNAGE.
Jeannette.	35 ft.	15 tons.
Sorceress.	35 ft.	15 tons.
Pawn.	35 ft.	15 tons.
Pigion.	35 ft.	15 tons.

By time allowance the Jeannette won the first prize and the championship, the Sorceress the prize of the second class, the Pawn the prize of the third class, and the Pigion the prize of the fourth class.

OBITUARY.

Ethelbert Smith Mills. Ethelbert S. Mills, a prominent and highly respected citizen of Brooklyn, was drowned at Coney Island while bathing early yesterday morning. Mr. Mills, whose family was out of town, went down to the island on Monday evening for the purpose of spending the night with Mr. Gordon L. Ford and his family at the Ocean House, intending to return to the city with Mr. Ford in the morning. Finding, however, on seeing the boat that the latter was not at home, he went down to the hotel that he directed his coachman to come for him at 7 o'clock the next morning to enable him to reach home in time for breakfast. Rising early yesterday, in order to take a bath before the arrival of his carriage, he left the hotel at about 9 o'clock and went down to the beach, entering the sea near bathing-house No. 5, where his clothes were afterward found. This was the last that was seen of him alive, but an hour later one of the bathing-masters in passing along the shore noticed his clothing lying upon the sand, and forthwith reported the fact to the police. The body was not recovered until it was found by the remains of Mr. Mills, who had been taken to the hotel. The sad intelligence was quickly conveyed to some of the friends and business associates of the deceased, many of whom immediately proceeded to the beach to make efforts to recover the body. In this, fortunately, they have been successful, as, a short time after the clothes were discovered, one of the bathing-house keepers, while wading out after a pair of water, perceived a white object floating just beneath the surface, which, upon being brought ashore, proved to be the remains of Mr. Mills. The body was taken to the hospital, and an inquest was held, when a verdict of Stephen J. Voorhees, Acting Coroner, when a verdict of death was rendered. He was a man of considerable strength, and a most expert swimmer, being accustomed to going into the water freely, and it is supposed that he was either seized with a cramp or drawn out to sea by the undertow, which is said to be very strong at this spot, and so drowned before help could reach him.

JOSE MARIA MAYORGA. The funeral of Jose Maria Mayorga, a prominent Cuban, for many years past a resident of this city, will take place at 3 p. m. to-morrow, from St. Ann's Episcopal Church, in Thirty-second-st., between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Mr. Mayorga was born in Havana, in 1825, and soon after his majority established himself in the tobacco trade. In 1852 he came to this city as the agent of several tobacco firms, and acquired a considerable fortune. He was one of the warmest advocates of Cuban independence, and contributed largely to the cause.

TOM BOWLING BEATEN.

THE MONMOUTH PARK SECOND MEETING.

FIRST DAY'S RACES—DUFFY WINS THE HURDLE RACE, ARTIST THE MILE DASH, LIZIE LUCAS THE OCEAN HOTEL STAKES, AND FADLADEEN THE MILE HEAT RACE.

The second summer race meeting of the Monmouth Park Association began yesterday, following in close succession after the first summer meeting, which terminated on Saturday last. The attendance was large, owing probably to a surfeit of racing sport. Notwithstanding the introduction of the English system of free admission to the course, it has not had the effect of attracting a large concourse of spectators to the races. This may be attributable to two causes—the prevalence of the harvest season in Monmouth County, which keeps the majority of the rural population at home, and the absence of any shade or means of protection from the sultry rays of the midsummer sun, which yesterday poured down with great intensity on those exposed to its influence.

The racing itself was of an interesting character; the unexpected defeat of the favorite, Tom Bowling, in the Ocean Hotel Stakes by Mr. Dowell's filly being the great sensation of the day, producing an excitement almost equal to that witnessed 12 months ago on this occasion, when the banner of Harry Bassett and the then invincible McDaniels' confederacy went down in the dust before the mighty Kentucky racer Longfellow.

The hurdle race brought out a good field of horses, the first of which to start, two of them, Duffy and Blind Tom, were old campaigners; Shyluck had only run once and unsuccessfully, and the remaining two, Lucy Jackson and Maid of Athens, made their debut in this description of race.

Duffy, as his previous brilliant performances fully justified, was made the favorite by the turf habitués, and the confidence reposed in him was fully warranted, as he won with ease.

Artist was the selection of the ladies, and he has not been like the other horses, in that he has not been beaten after going a mile and a half, and even after three-quarters of a mile. In the Ocean Hotel Stakes for three-year-olds, Tom Bowling, the Jersey Derby winner, had such a host of backers, that the odds of 100 to 20 were current all over the course, the betting men thinking it "finding money" to lay such odds. The "glorious uncertainty" of the turf was never more strikingly illustrated, for the favorite was beaten after going a mile and a half, and even after three-quarters of a mile. In the Ocean Hotel Stakes for three-year-olds, Tom Bowling, the Jersey Derby winner, had such a host of backers, that the odds of 100 to 20 were current all over the course, the betting men thinking it "finding money" to lay such odds. 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